

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Quee. What would she have?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's trickes i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. "To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
"Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse;
"So full of artlesse jealousie is guilt,
"It spills it selfe in fearing to be spilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous majesty of *Denmarke*?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*?

She sings.

Ophel. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cocklehat and staffe, and by his sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-greene turfe, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Song.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you mark. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not goe,
With true love showers.

Song.

King.

Prince of Denm

King. How doe you pretty I

Ophel. Well, good dild you
daughter: Lord, we know what
may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her fath

Ophel. Pray let's have no wo
what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is *S. Valentines* day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your *Valentine*.

Then up he rose, and dond his cl
Ler in the maid, that out a mai

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Ophel. Indeed, without an c
By gis and by Saint Charity,
alacke and fie for shame,

Young men will doe't if they
by cocke they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumble
(He answers.) So should I a do

And thou hadst

King. How long hath she be

Oph. I hope all will be well,
chuse but weep to think they v

brother shall know of it, & so I
Come my coach, good night I

Sweet Ladies good night, goo

King. Follow her close, give
O this is the poyson of deep g

death: and now behold O *Ge*
When sorrowes come they co

But in battalians: first, her fat
Next, your sonne gone, and he

Of his owne just remove; the
Thicke and unwholsome in th

For good *Polonius* death, & we
In hugger mugger to interre h